The Best in ~~Liberal~~ Propaganda Since 1982

Elf, Reindeer, Jesus

The Koala

Volume 76, Issue II

John Muir is Santa Claus in Disguise.

koala.ucsd.edu

In This Issue: Frat Cock, Kwanukkamas, , Ballmark Cards, MF Poler Bear, Man piss at Marshallpalooza

Hello again. I've got a really robust bouquet right now. Like a fine wine, I have been aged to perfection. Or maybe that's just the smell of my armpits because I haven't showered in two weeks. I can't help it—I'm crippled! Or maybe it's because I haven't been back to my apartment that whole time? Whichevah.

I try to get back to my car and go home every night but this place is like a maze. I head to York, am forced to follow misspelled construction signs on twisted scoliosis paths, and end up back at Warren. I keep on expecting David Bowie to jump out around a corner. Wearing those skinny shiny leotards. You know…the ones from ***The Labyrinth***. Yeah, those super gay tight pants that simultaneously showed his package while he tossed a fake baby into the air. Damn. Still not as bad as this campus construction—it's a gimp's most unworthy adversary! I have a new dancesong called "The One Legged Climber". It's a piece of gangsta fresh footwork invented right after a crucial elevator on campus went under construction. That was three weeks ago. So today I just "crutch danced" my way up the stairs to write this. Beware all you "koo" people who "know" how to do "The Superman" while "Walking it out." My lawyers recommend that you do not attempt to mindlessly mimic my awesome moves as you do every meaningless MTV crapdance. Due to the constant repeat of the instructions "DanceHippity up dose stair, DownTrippity on crutch and break sumpin else'gin," performing this dance may result in death.

Good thing I'm a sweaty, crippled, lazy hobo or I might actually muster up enough non-apathy to *gasp* use our Student Legal Services to lodge an elevator complaint. And then UCSD would crumble into the sea. It's true. I alone have the power to destroy UCSD. The Devil of Legal Matters whispered it to me during today's Afternoon Delight session.

Speaking of the Devil…as you all know, I love alcohol. It's my religion and I wholly dedicate my life to it. But I wasn't free to worship when I went to visit my family a few weeks ago. I prepared myself for a traditional Turkey Day trip. I hid all my contraband, only took the essentials—buried my acid and number one porn in the lingerie pocket of my suitcase. But I had quite an experience because *da da DUN!* my mom still found some "crazy shit" in my bag.

I, the editor of the Koala, was raised super religiously. Some to most would say I was raised in a cult. And the majority of my family still belongs to a strictly religious (brainwashing?) church. So this Thanksgiving was crazy when my Everything-fearing mom found a KOALA in my bag. It was highly adventuresome when, after, reading the issue and realizing that I was the Editor, my mom came within an inch of disinheriting me. Yes, the Muthafucking Koala fucked my mutha. In the head! She was actually really pissed at me. And I was actually really pissing my pants. Just a little. But irony prevails! Thanks to the smooth-talk skills that I honed through years of battling verbal assaults and conflicts in The Koala, I'll still have a mother for Christmas. And to all you stuck up haters, all you clueless elderly people, all you people who misunderstand (accidentally…purposefully?) what we're about, check out the **K Fanny Mail from Crystal** on page 5 to gain escape from purposeful ignorance.

OMG—Only Mess with Green! I've heard through the blackest of underground railroad markets for runaway revolutionary college students that MFK is returning! That's right, THE Mutha Fucking Koala. The very same MFK who founded this newspaper! Because of him, modern MFK continues to ensure that UCSD forever basks in hilarity and beer-tinted bliss.

So what does it mean—the return of MFK in 2008? In honor of our 26/25th (who knows, who cares… as long as we still get booze, why keep track?) birthyear, MFK the OG is gonna be Guest Ed on a couple issues of the MFK, throw some crazy-ass parties, and drink beer till he pisses out of every orifice God poked into his womb-dwelling second-trimester fetus body.

So Bravo, Brava. It's over. To the year 2007: Please, take a bow but no encore. This year has taught me a lot of things. Namely, that I should be dead already. But higher hopes for the lessons of 2008, no?

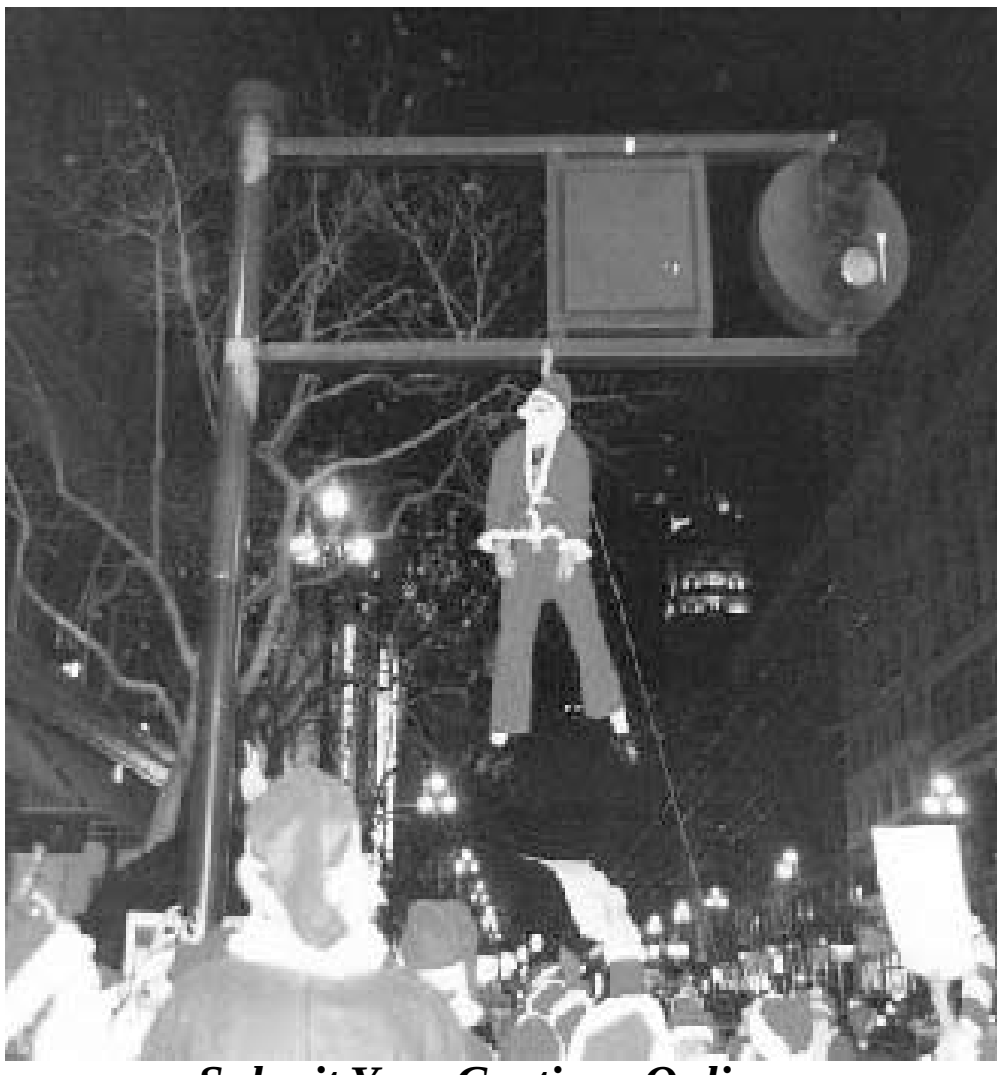
To everyone fucked up by 2007: Cut up school books, really enjoy this Winter Break; Drink up what's left of this year; Hook up with someone at midnight; Don't throw up at the party so you can submit a Koala Review about it.

See you next year,

Nicholle EiC of The KOALA-
The Kwanukkamas Obsessed Ass Lashing Association

Caption this stupid photo

that we stole from the internet



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and win **FREE CONCERT TICKETS**
And please include your e-mail address so we can actually get you the damn tix

Kwanukkamas Staff

Blinding Star of Bethlehem
Nicholle

Black People Wearing Funny Hats
Davey, Esther, Sarah

Candle Lighters With Hair on Fire
SARS, the L-Word, KRISASAURUS, Augy, Jeremiah, Mars, זְכַרְיָה (Freddy), Donnie, Kyle, Nate-Boi, Jackie, Skillz, Cristobal, Judy, Vince, Nam

Flying Ass-Reindeer
B-Rad, Milk, E-dawg, Jer, T-Bone, Barton, Marcus, Paula K., Eugene, Dirty, Moximo, Aaron, Stevie Why, San, Henry

Sickly Poor Kid that Gets Eaten for Holiday Dinner
David John Fenelon Gregory

The Koala meets Fridays at 6pm, in the Media Lounge (above Soft Reserves)

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